June 2, 1967

Editor, The Washington Post
1515-L Street, NW
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

When books proving the Warren Report wrong are published, you do not review them. When New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison begins an investigation into a New Orleans aspect of the assassination, you and most of the press poleax him. Your June 2 editorial berates him for producing no "New evidence", as though there is anything wrong with the old not used, misused, misrepresented or destroyed. Had he produced any "new evidence" outside a courtroom, would you not have assailed him because it was not in a courtroom?

Cannot you and the rest of the press leave him alone to conduct the investigation? Must you hew the shameful line you and the rest of the press have followed from the time the first bullet hit home? Is it more important to you that, in whatever way you can, you persevere in the dishonor of the press on this subject, do what you can to interfere with or make impossible what we so terribly need, a judicial determination of fact? Why do you try so hard to destroy the one possibility we have? Dare you not face it? Why will you not leave this to the courts, where at long last it should be?

Is criticism of the fraud called the Report of the President's Commission "subversive" to you? You sting with no editorials when Jack Ruby's lawyer, publicity-seeking Sol Dann, says any lawyer or judge who dares criticize your personal sacred cow, the Report, should be disbarred. Can anyone be more truly subversive in our society than he who so insists or those who are silent on hearing it?

In only a few minor details has Garrison added to what I have already published, entirely from the official evidence that was so sadly misused, or written but not yet published, all of which was available to you. You failed your charge and hate those who now prove it.

Despite you, some day people will understand what has happened. If you have the little regard for our national honor you display, you should be selfish enough to cherish your own and not stake it on a Canutian futility and your own blind ignorance.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg